

LICKING VALLEY COURIER.

VOLUME 3. NO. 56

WEST LIBERTY, MORGAN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, JULY 3, 1912.

JULY 4

WHOLE NUMBER 108

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY

Circuit Court: On Fourth Monday in June, and Third Monday in March and November. B. Hannah, Judge; John M. High, Com'th Attorney; R. M. Gray, Clerk; G. W. Phillips, trustee of Jury Fund; S. R. Collier, Master Commissioner; J. D. Kins, Deputy Master Com'r. County Court: On Second Monday in each month. Quarter Court: On Tuesday after Second Monday in each month. Circuit Court: On Wednesday after Fourth Monday in April and October. I. C. Ferguson, Presiding Judge.

MAGISTRATE'S COURT. 1st District—W. G. Short, 1st Monday in each month. 2nd District—S. S. Dennis, Tuesday after 1st Monday in each month. 3rd District—Eli W. Day, Wednesday after 1st Monday in each month. 4th District—Charles Prater, Friday after 1st Monday in each month. 5th District—Frank Kennard, Tuesday after 2nd Monday in each month. 6th District—J. E. Lewis, Friday after 2nd Monday in each month. 7th District—A. F. Blevins, Tuesday after 2nd Monday in each month. 8th District—Franklin Wall, Thursday after 1st Monday in each month.

COUNTY OFFICERS. I. C. Ferguson. J. P. Haney. H. B. Brown. W. M. Gardner.

Coroner—C. F. Lykins. Surveyor—M. P. Turner. Fish and Game Warden—W. C. Fugett. Deputy G. W., Jno M. Perry. West Liberty Police Court—First Wednesday in each month. N. P. Womack, Judge.

The County Board of Education for Morgan county, holds its regular meeting the 2nd Monday in each month.

J. P. HANEY,
County Attorney,
GENERAL PRACTICE,
OFFICES IN COURT-HOUSE,
West Liberty, Ky.

W. M. GARDNER,
LAWYER,
West Liberty, Ky.
Office in
Commercial Bank Building

RYLAND C. MUSICK,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
JACKSON, KY.
State and Federal practice. Commercial and civil litigation carefully handled.

COTILE & HOVERMALE,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
WEST LIBERTY, KY.
Allen N. Cisco. S. Monroe Nickell.
NICKELL & CISCO,
LAWYERS,
WEST LIBERTY, KY.
OFFICE IN COURT HOUSE

Wanted.
Brown's con-
centrated state of preser-
vation.
Cards, with
the name of the
maker, and in
the price, will be
offered at this
time.

WILSON WINS! 46 BALLOTS Leading Progressive Nominated

Marshall, of Indiana, his Running Mate

Convention Adjourns in Greatest Harmony, and Feeling that
A Great Democratic Victory is Certain.

Farmer's Corner.

Keep everlasting after 'em—the weeds.

Stir the ground after each rain but don't plow too deep. By this means the rain that falls to-day can be conserved for use during the latter part of July and August.

Mr. Farmer, contrast your position with that of the professional politician just now, and ask yourself the question: "Which would I rather my boy would be?" If you decide that you had rather he would be a farmer, begin to educate him along these lines at once. Make the farm attractive; make his work pleasant; make the home and its environment congenial; give him something he can call his own and let him own it. Do not give him a bull calf at weaning time, and let him feed and roar it until it is ready for the market and then sell it and put the money in your pocket. Many a boy has been driven off the farm by just such treatment as this. Give your boy something that he will take pride in and let him have it for his very own.

On the forty-sixth ballot Wilson was nominated and there was general rejoicing. The delegates all pledged their heartiest support to the new leader. It is to be seen that Governor Marshall, of Indiana, was nominated for Vice-President, but we cannot state this as a certainty. Wilson's nomination is a victory for the progressives and means the certain defeat of Taft and the overthrow of the predatory interests in American politics.

Graham Camp Wins.

The Graham Camp base ball team crossed bats with the Cannel City base ball team on the Camp's grounds last Sunday. The weather was ideal and the largest crowd that has ever witnessed a ball game at this place

saw the fast team of the camp win the game by the score of 11 to 2. The Camp was never in danger from the start. The Cannel city boys chanced to make two scores in the 8th and from then on until the last they tried mighty hard to roll up their score but no doubt fate was against them as it has been all the year. They are not hard to get rid of if you will only go at it right. White-wash for the hen house and roosts; ashes, dust and a good insect powder will do the work. Lice congregate around the eyes and bill of young chickens.

They are easily destroyed by the application of a little grease. Better try it. It will pay.

We have yet much to learn about that subtle force to which we now know little more than its name. Electricity is used for power and light and that is about all.

We are beginning to hear of its effect on vegetation. One field

which lay contiguous to a trolley line is said to have yielded a much greater tonnage of hay than the same character of land situated at a distance from a public road.

Prof. Silas Wentworth claims that on his experimental farm at Roseville, Cal., electricity has proved capable of doubling the production of lamb and greatly increasing the crop of wool. A flock of sheep was divided, one-half being placed in a field under the power wires of an electric company, while the other portion was removed from electric influence. The fleeces of the sheep fed the electrically influenced field were 20 per cent heavier and the lambs more than twice as numerous. Will the time come when there will be a market for cheap electric current in the service of

DINGUS.

Fred Burrows of West Liberty, was here last Saturday in the interest of Whisler and Scearey Lumber company.

R. L. Stevenson, of Vanceburg, will preach here next Sunday. He will probably hold a few days meeting.

Dr. H. V. Nickell, of West Liberty, came out Saturday to see Mesdames, Nora Wheeler and Rissie Fraley, Mrs. Wheeler has been very sick for a few days.

A number of our citizens attended church at the Conley grave yard, on Fanin Fork, last Sunday, and report a large crowd present and a good meeting.

SLAB.

Miss Nettie Houston, of Chaplin, is the guest of Mrs. W. A. Duncan.

Denny M. Carter, of Clearfield, is visiting his parents, Dr and Mrs. B. F. Carter.

Spend Sundays

AT BEAUTIFUL

Highland Park

Kool.

Kosy.

Comfortable.

Games and amusements for old

and young. Plenty to satisfy

the inner man.

J. F. STEELE, Mgr.

"The Country Minister"

A Comedy-Drama

This Splendid Play will be staged by the
Ladies' Missionary Society of the
M. E. Church, South

Wednesday, July 3d
At 7:30 P. M., at the
Court House

To aid in fulfilling their \$500.00 Pledge
toward building the new church.

Cast of Characters

| | |
|---|-------------------|
| Rev. Ralph Underwood, the country minister. | J. P. Haney |
| Gregory Heath, of the world at large. | J. E. Miller |
| Jud Pardo, a wreck on the ocean of life. | Edgar Lykins |
| Timothy Hodd, who would rather whittle than work. | Sam Wheeler |
| Deacon Potter, "just a trifle deaf." | Willie Elam |
| William Henry. | Clay Phipps |
| Tom Sparrow. | Herbert Maxey |
| Helen Burleigh, from city. | Lula Bell Manker |
| Jerusha Jane Judkin, the postmistress. | Mrs. E. J. Daniel |
| Roxy, "a fresh air kid." | Floress Seitz |
| Granny Grimes. | Leona Bell Carter |
| Fanny, a maid. | Lucile Pierat |

SYNOPSIS
Act I.—Yard of Miss Judkin's store and postoffice, Mullenville, N. Y., on a morning in August.
Act II.—Same as Act I, half an hour later.
Act III.—Granny Grimes' garret, on the East Side, New York City, the following November.
Act IV.—Miss Burleigh's home in New York the same evening.
Act V.—Back at Mullenville, in Miss Judkin's sittingroom. One month has elapsed.

Admission adults 25cts, children under 12, 15 cents.

John Prater, of Adel, was in town Tuesday.

Get ready for the Teacher's Institute next week.

Miss Carmie Gevedos, of Grass, is visiting J. P. Haney.

H. B. Franklin, of Logville, was a Tuesday visitor in town.

Dr. M. F. Carter, of Farmers, is visiting his brother, Dr. W. G. Carter.

Miss Annie Sample, of Ezel, visited friends in West Liberty last week.

Lee Trimble, of Mt Sterling, spent several days last week with R. M. Oakley.

Miss Orange Oakley, of Pleasant Run, is visiting in West Liberty this week.

Clark Patterson and Lee Trimble, of Mt Sterling, were here last week attending Circuit Court.

Mrs. C. W. Womack's condition remains serious. It is thought that she will have to undergo another operation.

It has been discovered that the new Kentucky Prison Commission law makes no provision for employing a secretary.

The waiters and other New York employees have decided to bring their strike to an end and to return to work at once.

Rev. W. P. Fryman and Walter Sebastian returned from a visit to Bourhoe county and report that they had a very pleasant visit.

Joe Osborne, of Dehart, was a liberal patron of our job department last week. Joe is doing a good business in real estate.

Jno. M. Perry, of Blaze, attended Court last week and while here dropped in to see us and had us make him a nice lot of stationery.

Casualties of the Italian army in the war with Turkey up to June 7 are reported as fifty-seven officers and 533 soldiers killed.

Judge J. M. Benton, of Winchester was here last week acting as Special Judge in a number of cases in Morgan Circuit Court.

Miss Kathleen Phipps, of West Liberty who is a guest at the home of Mrs. H. C. Thompson on North Main street, delighted the audience at the Lyric Theatre Saturday afternoon with a number of piano selections. The young lady is only ten years of age, and is regarded as a musical prodigy. —Winchester Correspondence Lexington Herald.

Dr. W. G. Lockhart, a prosperous "tooth carpenter" of Campions, was in town several days this week. Doc is a native of this county, and, girls, he's a bachelor.

It is reported on high authority in the Mexican capital that the Madero Government has decided to grant full amnesty to all political offenders, including Gen. Orozco.

Leander Ferguson, J. H. Ferguson and R. H. Ferguson, of Moon were pleasant visitors at our office last week. Leander and R. H. each had their names put on our mailing list.

H. C. Cornett of cold check and bogie-machinery-contract fame, was convicted of forgery in the Circuit Court here last week and given a sentence of from two to ten years in the penitentiary.

The specific charge under which he was tried and convicted was erasing the name, "Commercial Bank of West Liberty," and inserting the name, "Morgan County National Bank of Union City," on a note of fifty dollars which he had made to the Commercial Bank, and on which he had failed to get the money from the first named Bank.

For Sale.

Clinton Ferguson, of Grassy Creek, was a business visitor to the Courier office one day last week and had us to get him out a nice lot of job work.

Worry, due to his automobile having run down and killed a man, is believed to be the cause of the suicide of Dr. Howard W. Hewett at Camden N. J., last week.

A. J. Hammons, of White Oak, called in to see us Monday on his way home from Catlettsburg, where he had been attending Court as witness in a damage suit, and subscribed for the Courier for six months.

D. G. Lacy, of Caney was here on business Wednesday.

J. B. Haney, who has been in Oklahoma for several years, is visiting his brother J. P. Haney.

K. S. Lykins, of Texas, was here last week attending Circuit Court.

Repining never cured an ill.

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West Liberty, Ky., under the Act
of March 3, 1879.

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Incorporated.

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H. G. COTTLE, EDITOR.

All communications should be ad-
ressed to the Editor.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We are authorized to announce
W. J. FIELDS,
of Carter county, as a candidate
for the nomination for Congress
from the 9th district, subject to
the action of the Democratic
party.

We are authorized to announce
G. V. LYKINS
of Grassy Creek, as a candidate
for the Democratic nomination
for the office of County Judge of
Morgan county.

We are authorized to announce
ALEX WHITAKER
of Caney, as a candidate for the
nomination for County Judge of
Morgan county, subject to the
action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce
FRANK KENNARD
of Logville, as a candidate for
the nomination for County At-
torney of Morgan county, subject
to the action of the Democratic
party.

We are authorized to announce
H. M. DAVIS
of West Liberty, as a candidate
for the nomination for County
Court Clerk of Morgan county,
subject to the action of the Dem-
ocratic party.

We are authorized to announce
REN F. NICKELL,
of West Liberty, as a candidate
for Clerk of the Morgan County
Court subject to the action of
the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce
JAMES W. DAVIS,
of Ezel, as a candidate for the
nomination for Superintendent
of Schools of Morgan county,
subject to the action of the Dem-
ocratic party.

We are authorized to announce
C. E. CLARK
of Maytown, as a candidate for
the nomination for Superintendent
of Schools of Morgan county,
subject to the action of the Dem-
ocratic party.

We are authorized to announce
L. A. LYKINS
of Index, as a candidate for the
nomination for Sheriff of Morgan
county, subject to the action of
the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce
W. W. MCCLURE,
of West Liberty, as a candidate
for the nomination for Jailer of
Morgan county, subject to the
action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce
E. J. WEBB,
of Blair's Mill, as a candidate
for the nomination for Jailer of
Morgan county, subject to the
action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce
J. H. ROE,
of Grassy Creek, as a candidate
for the nomination for Jailer of
Morgan county, subject to the
action of the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce
LEE BARKER,
of Malone, as a candidate for the
nomination for County Court
Clerk, subject to the action of
the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce
S. S. OLDFIELD,
of Index, as a candidate for the
nomination for County Court
Clerk, subject to the action of
the Democratic party.

GIVE THE MOUNTAINS A CHANCE

JUDGE A. J. KIRK FOR APPELLATE JUDGE

Judge Andrew J. Kirk, of Paintsville, Johnson County, Kentucky is a candidate for Judge of the Appellate Court from this the Seventh Appellate District. He has served two terms as Circuit Judge of the Twenty-fourth Judicial District, being elected the last time without opposition from either Republicans or Democrats. He is seldom reversed in the Court of Appeals and has made a record to be proud of as Circuit Judge. He is well qualified to fill this office, is the logical candidate at this time, is a deserving Republican, and is a mountain man.

This office has been held by a Montgomery County man for the past forty-six years. It is time the mountain people were given some representation. Friends of Judge Kirk over the district are confident he will win, and he is becoming more popular each day.

The Primary election will be held on Saturday August 3rd. Let every Republican in the county go to the polls and help Judge Kirk, a mountain man, and the son of an old soldier, win the nomination.

We are authorized to announce
JOHN PATRICK,
(Assessor John) of Grassy Creek,
as a candidate for the nomination
for Assessor of Morgan
county, subject to the action of
the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce
REV. W. H. LINDON
of Linsko, as a candidate for the
nomination for Assessor of Morgan
county, subject to the action of
the Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce
GEO. W. STACY,
of Grassy Creek, as a candidate
for the nomination for JAILER of
Morgan County, subject to the
action of the Democrat party.

We are authorized to announce
T. N. BARKER,
of West Liberty, as a candidate
for the nomination for Superintendent
of Schools of Morgan
county subject to the action of the
Democratic party.

We are authorized to announce
Repining never cured an ill.

Swat the fly "a comin and
a gwine."

A f--- lost can never
be recovered in full.

A leper is not half as dan-
gerous as a meddler.

The worst of all cowards
is he who is afraid of self.

Smile, d---n you, smile, if
you have to grit your teeth
to do it.

When religion becomes
dictatorial it becomes dan-
gerous.

Detach your nose from
that grindstone, go to work
and be a man.

It is as great a mistake to
underestimate one's abili-
ties as it is to overestimate
them, but precious few people
make the former mistake.

Could we but climb where
Hatcher stood,
And view West Liberty
o'er - - ? ? ! Crack,
bang f-i-z!

He (the Busbody) counts
the day lost
Whose low descending
sun,

Views from his lofty height
no cruel action done.

We are opposed to the
idea of sending money out
of the country to mail-order
houses, but unless the home
merchants advertise their
wares and let you know what
they have for sale, let 'er
go.

Requests are coming in
thick and fast to know why
we didn't continue our expo-
sition of the management of
the West Liberty High
School, begun some time ago.

You will hear more of this
before long. Don't get rest-
less. The matter is not dead
but sleeping.

For sale at COURIER office

Caleb Jurnior Joe Hatten

Will make the season of 1912 at
SIX (\$6.00) to DOLLAS insure a
living colt. The season will be
made at John Carter's stable,
West Liberty Ky., on Friday and
Saturday of each week, the re-
mainder of the time at my sta-
ble at Elam, Ky.

Care will be taken to prevent
accidents but not responsible
should any occur.

W. T. ELAM,
ELAM, KY.

NOTICE.

Section 21 of the Ordinances
and By-laws of the town of West
Liberty make it unlawful for any
person to throw or leave any
thing liable to decompose, or
throw hay, straw, manure, shav-
ings, paper or other combustible
matter, or filth or abnoxious slops
on any street, alley or sidewalk
of the town, and imposes a fine
not to exceed \$10 for each of-
fence.

Notice is hereby give that this
law will be rigidly enforced, and
the citizens of West Liberty are
urged to help in its enforce-
ment.

106-4t. D. C. LEWIS, T. M.

Public Notice.

Know All Men By These Pre-
sents: That the firm of Oakley
& Lykins, which has formerly
been doing a general merchandise
business at West Liberty, has
been dissolved by mutual agree-
ment, and all concerned shall take
notice of same and act according-
ly.

Respectfully,
R. M. Oakley,
tf. One of firm.

We are prepared to furnish
any and all kinds of cards and
hand bills advertising horses
bulbs or jacks. Give us a call
and examine our work.

Foley Kidney Pills are healing
and strengthening and tonic, and
contain no harmful or habit
forming drugs. N. J. Gorham,
Cashier, Bank of Woodville,
Woodville, Ga., recently had an
acute attack of kidney trouble.

The pains in my back and kid-
neys were terrible, but I bought
a bottle of Foley Kidney Pills
and took them, and can truthfully
say they have entirely relieved
me. I find more benefit from
them than any other kidney med-
icine I have ever taken. Try
them. For sale by all dealers.

For soreness of the muscles,
which are induced by violent
exercise or injury, there is nothing
better than Chamberlain's Liniment.
This liniment also relieves
rheumatic pains. For sale by all
druggists.

In these days of high cost of
living, a medicine that gets a
man up out of bed and able to
work in a few days is a safe and
valuable remedy. John Heath,
Michigan, Bar, Cal., says: "I had
kidney and bladder trouble for
nearly 6 years, and was confined
to my bed, unable to turn with
out help. Soon after I commenced
using Foley Kidney Pills and
was relieved at once." His
example is worth following. Foley
Kidney Pills will do for others
just as much as they have done
for John Heath. Try them. For
sale by all dealers.

Dysentery is always serious
and often a dangerous disease,
but it can be cured. Chamberlain's
Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea
Remedy has cured it even when
malignant and epidemic. For
sale by all druggists.

An increasing number of people
report regularly of the satis-
factory results from taking Foley
Kidney Pills and commend their
healing and curative qualities.
Foley Kidney Pills are a
carefully prepared medicine
guaranteed to contain no harmful
habit forming drugs. They can
have only a beneficial effect when
used for kidney and bladder
troubles, for backache rheuma-
tism, weak back or lumbago.
Never sold in bulk. Put up in
two sizes, in sealed bottles. The
genuine always in a yellow pak-
age. For sale by all dealers.

Tact.

Tact is not a gift, but an acquisi-
tion, and yet there is something tem-
peramental about it. It is like a
singer. Some have voices easily
trained, others voices difficult to
subdue, some such as are hopelessly
deaf.

If you are a housewife you can-
not reasonably hope to be healthy
or beautiful by washing dishes,
sweeping and doing housework
all day, and crawling into bed
dead tired at night. You must
get out into the open air and sun-
light. If you do this every day
and keep your stomach and bowels
in good order by taking Chamber-
lain's Tablets when needed, you
shall become both healthy and
beautiful. For sale by all
druggists.

You Have Inherited a Large Fortune!

It is contained in a

Life Insurance Policy

The Insurance business is comparatively new
to Eastern Kentucky. People, as a rule, have not
had the time or opportunity of learning what con-
stitutes good insurance.

We believe that you would like to know more
about the business—It's honest, sane, business-like
and instructive.

Write or call on us at once—To-day!
Don't put it off until it is too late!
Delays are dangerous!

S. J. YOUNG.

J. E. STIVERS.

YOUNG & STIVERS,
Real Estate & Insurance,
Jackson, Ky.

"You don't have to die to win."

HEADQUARTERS FOR

Staple & Fancy
Groceries

All New and Fresh! My Prices are the
Lowest. The Quality Best.

Soft Drinks

I have just installed a Soda Fountain and serve Ice
Cream, Soda Water and Cold Drinks at all times.

D. R. Keeton

Main Street

MORGAN COUNTY NATIONAL
BANK

OF CANEL CITY, KENTUCKY

Capital, \$25,000
Surplus, (Earned) 20,000
Average Deposits, 100,000

Authorized

YOUR ACCOUNT CORDIALLY SOLICITED
M. L. CONLEY, President. JOE C. STAMPER, Vice-Pres.
CUSTER JONES, Cashier.

Sheriff's Sale for Taxes.

By virtue of the taxes due the State and county for the years
named below, I, or one of my deputies, will, on

Monday, July 8, 1912,

(that being the first day of a county court) offer for sale at the
front door of the court house in West Liberty, Ky., the following
real estate, to satisfy the taxes against the owners.

Year. Owner. Pol. Tax. Pen. Int. & Cost. Total

| Year. | Owner. | Pol. | Tax. | Pen. Int. & Cost. | Total |
|---------|-----------------------|------|---------|-------------------|----------|
| 1910 | Elam, J. S. | \$ | \$ 5.00 | \$ 4.77 | \$ 11.77 |
| 1911 | " | | 5.00 | 4.76 | 11.76 |
| " | Carter, Sam F. | 1.50 | 3.00 | 1.36 | 5.86 |
| " | Bryant, Isabelle | | 2.50 | 1.20 | 3.70 |
| " | Buckart, L. C. | | 1.20 | 1.10 | 2.30 |
| " | Elam, J. H. | 2.00 | 2.31 | 1.34 | 5.64 |
| " | Fugate, W. P. | 2.00 | 1.20 | 1.25 | 4.45 |
| " | Davis, Thomas | 2.00 | 4.03 | 1.48 | 7.51 |
| " | Day, R. W. | 1.50 | 2.50 | 1.32 | 5.32 |
| " | Haney, M. S. | | 3.00 | 1.24 | 4.24 |
| " | Helton, Isom | 1.50 | 3.00 | 1.36 | 5.86 |
| " | Hutson, Raney | | 1.50 | 1.12 | 2.62 |
| '09-11 | Johnson, Wm. M. C. | | 49.20 | 8.44 | 57.74 |
| 1911 | Lykins, P. L. dog \$1 | 1.50 | 3.00 | 1.44 | 6.94 |
| 1911 | Lykins, W. D. | 1.50 | 4.00 | 1.44 | 6.94 |
| 1910-11 | Lykins, Willie | 1.50 | 3.80 | 1.20 | 6.50 |
| 1911 | Lykins, W. H. | 1.50 | 1.40 | 1.23 | 4.13 |
| " | Oney, E. W. | | 50 | 1.04 | 1.54 |
| " | Stacy, W. A. | 2.00 | 1.50 | 1.28 | 4.78 |
| " | Sebastain, J. C. | 1.50 | 2.05 | 1.28 | 4.83 |
| 1910 | Sebastain, Jno. H. | 1.00 | 2.00 | 1.42 | 4.4 |

My Lady of Doubt

BY RANDALL PARRISH

Author of "Love Under Fire," "My Lady of the North" and other stories

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY THIEDE

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Major Lawrence, son of General Washington, who with his wife Gen. Lee, is sent on a perilous mission to Gen. Washington, just after the winter at Valley Forge.

CHAPTER II.—Disguised in a British uniform arrives within the enemy's lines.

CHAPTER III.—The Major attends a secret meeting and saves the "Lady of the Blended Rose" from mob. No later meets the girl at a brilliant ball.

CHAPTER IV.—Trouble is started over waltz. Major Lawrence is forced to leave. Mortimer, the Major's son, follows the British.

CHAPTER V.—Lawrence is detected as spy by Captain Grant, the British, who agree to a duel.

CHAPTER VI.—The duel is stopped by Grant's friends and the spy makes a dash for liberty, swimming a river following a narrow escape.

CHAPTER VII.—The Major arrives at shop of a blacksmith, who is friendly, and knows the Lady of the Blended Rose.

CHAPTER VIII.—Captain Grant and his men arrive and search the blacksmith in vain for the spy.

CHAPTER IX.—Lawrence joins the man who captured Grant and his men.

CHAPTER X.—Major Lawrence is made an Indian and two while

CHAPTER XI.—Lawrence's captors took him in a strong cell, where he meets the killer.

CHAPTER XII.—Peter advises Lawrence not to attempt escape as "some will send for him."

CHAPTER XIII.—Grant's appearance mystery to the combination of circumstances.

CHAPTER XIV.—Lawrence again meets the Lady of the Blended Rose, who informs him he is in her house and was in command of the party attacked and captured him.

CHAPTER XV.—The captive is thrown into a dark underground chamber when Grant begins a search of the threshold.

CHAPTER XVI.—Col. Mortimer, father of the Lady of the Blended Rose, finds him in ruins.

CHAPTER XVII.—Capt. Grant instants finds he is strung up at once.

CHAPTER XIX.

the Cellar Room.

"I was not in the house when they came, father; Peter and I were back of the stables, fortunately mounted. We were obliged to ride hard, as we were chased several miles, and returned as soon as it appeared safe."

"And Eric?"

"He departed before Captain Grant arrived," she replied unhesitatingly, "and must be already safe within his own lines."

"It was Eric, then?"

"Who else could it be? Surely Captain Grant told you as much."

The colonel's eyes wandered about the little group, and his doubt and bewilderment were clearly evident.

"Do you know Eric's purpose in coming here? In presuming to act as an officer in Delavan's company?"

"He did not inform me, sir."

"You know this man?"

She turned, and looked at me for the first time, a silent pleader in her blue eyes.

"I do—he is Major Lawrence of General Washington's army," her voice low, but distinct. "I have known him since the Continental troops were first quartered in Philadelphia."

He took a step toward the door; then turned to his daughter.

"I shall expect you to ready to ride with us on our return to Philadelphia, Claire," he said kindly. "It is evidently not safe for you to remain here alone."

"Very well, father."

"Come, Grant, we shall have to ride hard to overtake our men."

The captain started reluctantly, bowing at me as he passed.

"I should enjoy having the privilege of being left in charge here," he said, for my benefit.

"No doubt, sir," returned Mortimer coldly. "But I have already selected Mr. Seldon for that duty."

"Did I! What else could I say?" he growled indignant. "He was within our lines in British uniform."

Her long lashes veiled the blue depths modestly.

"Yet there might be other reasons for such maneuvering, gentlemen," she confessed. "Would it be impossible to think that he should have taken so great a risk to again meet with me?"

There was a silence following the simple question, broken by Seldon's laugh, as he slipped his knee in appreciation.

"Good enough, by Gad!" he exclaimed heartily. "The lass has cleared the mystery with a word. The fellow would be a poor soldier indeed to fail in such a test—eh, Grant?"

She stole a swift glance at me, shaking her head.

"That would be too strong an imprisonment," I responded instantly. "Under all conditions I prefer not to give my parole."

"Very well, sir," more stiffly, his gaudy vanishing with my rather curt refusal. "Then I shall take all necessary precautions to prevent escape." He stepped aside to the hall door. "You may send two men to leave the room did her eyes meet mine?"

She entered quietly, glancing about with some curiosity, but taking position on either side of me at Seldon's command. Claire stood beside the table in silence, her glance out the window. Only as we wheeled about to leave the room did her eyes meet mine.

That swift glimpse beneath the lashes caused me to leave the room with swiftly beating heart. At the door I stole another glance backward, but she had sunk into a chair, her face concealed in her hands. With Seldon ahead, and two the guards behind, I tramped down the stairs into the basement, and was again locked within the walls of the strong room.

As the lock clicked I was down upon the bunk far from being disheartened.

Father had been playing strange pranks, but I was not left without hope, for I felt assured I had read correctly the swift message of those uplifted blue eyes. She had not wished me to accept parole; then there must be some plan of escape already formulated in her mind. I could only wait quietly, striving to solve the meaning of those suddenly uplifted blue eyes, and the promise they contained.

"This situation leaves me in an embarrassing predicament," he admitted at last slowly. "I hardly know what is my duty either as a father, or an officer of the king. No matter what his purpose may have been this man penetrated our lines in disguise; he admittedly exercised command of those irregulars who attacked and routed Delavan's column, and has since been prowling about disguised as a countryman. Merely because my daughter confesses to a friendship between them can hardly justify me in setting him at liberty."

He paused, rising to his feet, his eyes on my face. The girl lifted her head, looking up at him.

"Major Lawrence, I shall hold you prisoner of war, referring your case to Sir Henry Clinton. In the meantime you shall receive every consideration possible in accordance with your rank. I am to bring John my men in pursuit of Fugitive. Captain Grant, you will accompany me, and Mr. Seldon, I shall leave you in charge of the prisoner until we return."

He took a step toward the door; then turned to his daughter.

"I shall expect you to ready to ride with us on our return to Philadelphia, Claire," he said kindly. "It is evidently not safe for you to remain here alone."

"Very well, father."

"Come, Grant, we shall have to ride hard to overtake our men."

The captain started reluctantly, bowing at me as he passed.

"I should enjoy having the privilege of being left in charge here," he said, for my benefit.

"No doubt, sir," returned Mortimer coldly. "But I have already selected Mr. Seldon for that duty."

"Did I! What else could I say?" he growled indignant. "He was within our lines in British uniform."

They left the house together, and I watched them ride past the window, followed by a dozen soldiers. As they disappeared Seldon turned his eyes to my face. He was rather a pleasant looking young man, but possessed an aggressive chin.

"While I have no orders to that effect, major," he said quietly, "I would take the responsibility of accepting your parole."

"Are you not rather reckless?"

"Oh, I think not," smilingly. "I would have you give it to, Mistress Mortimer—surely under those other conditions you would never run away!"

She stole a swift glance at me, shaking her head.

"That would be too strong an imprisonment," I responded instantly. "Under all conditions I prefer not to give my parole."

"Very well, sir," more stiffly, his gaudy vanishing with my rather curt refusal.

"Good enough, by Gad!" he exclaimed heartily. "The lass has cleared the mystery with a word. The fellow would be a poor soldier indeed to fail in such a test—eh, Grant?"

The Ranger scowled at him in silent response, his face dark with passion.

"Hell's acre! This thing may touch your humor, but not mine. What is the meaning of your words, Mistress Claire? Are you shameless, forgetting the pledge between us?"

She turned her face toward him as a queen might, her head held high, her cheeks flaming.

"You have said your answer once for all, Captain Grant. There is no pledge between us."

"But, daughter," broke in the colonel, still bewildered by this sudden explosion. "She is here to meet you!"

She turned her face toward him as a queen might, her head held high, her cheeks flaming.

"You have said your answer once for all, Captain Grant. There is no pledge between us."

"But, daughter," broke in the colonel, still bewildered by this sudden explosion. "She is here to meet you!"

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My Lucy of Doubt.

(Continued from 3d page)

"And Eric is the son of a loyalist," laughingly, "and wears a Continental uniform. I am not privileged to go so far, restrained by the limitations of sex, yet I may be equally a rebel."

"What would seem to mean that all your kindness toward me would have been similarly given to any patriot soldier?"

"Why—yes; I—I think so."

"And I do not, Mistress Claire; I refuse to so believe." Her eyes flashed up at me, and I lost all restraint in their swift challenge. "I am going to speak—just a word, yet I must give it utterance before I ride out into the dark, away from you. I love you. It makes no difference to me where your sympathies may be in this struggle, you won my heart. Look up, dear, and listen. I am going back to camp, back to the campaign. I know not what the night, what the morrow may bring. But I know forever I love you, and that if I live I shall surely come back. Will you be glad? Will you promise me welcome?"

"I could feel her trouble, yet there was no shrinking in her face, no alarm. "Oh, why were you compelled to say that? I tried so hard not to let you, I—I cannot make the promise, it would not be right."

"Not right!"

"No, you do not know me. I told you before I was a sham, a fraud, not what I appeared to be. I will not explain even to you, and you must not ask me. Only it hurts me to hear you say what you have, and be compelled to return this answer."

"You care them—you do not deserve that?"

She threw her head back proudly, making no attempt to withdraw her hands.

"Yes, I care; any woman would. It is not true that I have served you merely because you were a soldier of the Colonies. I think it was true, perhaps at first, but—but later it was different. Oh! why do I say this? Why do I delay your departure by consenting to remain here in conversation? Major Lawrence, ennoy not you realize that my only desire is to have you get away safely?"

"But that is not my only desire," I protested. "It must be weeks, months, before I can hope to see you again. I am a servant of the Colonies, and must go where I am sent; we are upon the verge of a campaign involving exposure and battle. I may not even come forth alive. Must I go without a word, without a hope? Claire, Claire, sweetheart, you have no right to turn me away, because of some phantom of imagination—"

"But it is not, it is terribly real." "I care not; I would still love you, in spite of all; you may be a spy—an English spy—but the fact would mean nothing to me. I would trust you, Claire, your womanhood; I should know that whatever you did was in accordance with your conscience, and he content—if you but love me. And, thank God! I know you do."

"I—no! You cannot mean that!"

"Ay, but I do. Have you supposed we could not read the message of those eyes? Oh, it may be dark, dear, but there is a star-gleam, and when the lashes lift—they confess a thousand times more than your lips acknowledge. Yet I insist on the lips! Now tell me," and I held her to me, "tell me!"

"What—oh, major, please!"

"There are but three words to speak; whisper them, dear, and I go."

"Three words?"

"Such easy words; they are trembling on your lips now—love you."

"But if I do not; if they are false. Hush! There is some one on the veranda—Seldon must have returned."

"All the more reason why you should speak quickly," I whispered, without releasing her.

"Will you go, then? At once?"

"I pledge my word."

She drew a deep breath, her eyes shadowed, but I could hear the swift pulsing of her heart.

"It will mean nothing—nothing."

"Of course; only a memory to dream over."

Her lashes lifted, her head tilted back upon my shoulder. For a bare instant I gazed down into the depths. "Theu—I will—I love you!"

With the words I kissed her, pressing my lips to hers; my instant, she clung, and I felt the pressure of her arm, the hot blood racing through my veins.

"Sweetheart," I whispered, "sweet heart."

"No, no!" and she thrust me from her. "You forget, I am not that. You must not think it over. See, that man is coming down the steps. He will discover Captain Grant, and it will be too late—oh, no, major, please go!"

I turned without another word, fully realizing the danger, the necessity of action. Her head touched mine as I grasped the relays.

"We part friends," she said softly, "some day you may understand and forgive me."

"I understand now more than you think," I returned swiftly, "and I am coming back to learn all."

CHAPTER XXII.

Uncover Captain Grant.

The thicket was sufficiently dense to conceal us from the man, who remained standing at the foot of the steps. He was but a mere dark shadow, and I could not even distinguish that he was a soldier, yet the danger of his presence was sufficiently great, for should he advance to the right he would come upon Grant's unconscious form, and in that silence the slightest noise might arouse suspicion. Mistress Claire still clung to my hand, but only to whisper a sentence of instruction.

"Go straight north, major, until you reach the hedge; follow the shadow of that beyond the orchard, and then take the road running westward. Don't mount until you reach there—goodby."

"Goodby, you will not forget me?"

"I—I am afraid not, but—but you must go!"

I left her standing there, a faint gleam of white against the dark shrubbery, motionless.

There is no incident of that night's ride which I recall distinctly. I merely pushed on steadily through the darkness, leaving my mount to choose

his own course, confident we were headed toward the river. I was sufficiently acquainted with the valley of the Delaware, when daylight came, to decide upon the nearest ford. As to the British patrols, I must run the risk of dodging these, but felt safe from such an encounter for several hours. In truth I met no one, having no occasion to even draw rein, although we passed through two small villages, and by a number of farms. I could not even determine that these houses were occupied; they were dark and silent, even the galloping hoofs of my horse failing to awaken response.

It was already daylight when I drew up on the bluff summit to gaze down into the river valley. In the middle distance small villages faced each other across the stream, and toward these most of the roads converged—proof of the existence of a ford. I could not be mistaken as to the town—Burlington on the Jersey shore, and opposite Bristol. I should be safe enough in the latter, even if we had no outpost stationed there. I knew homes along those shaded streets, where food would be forthcoming, and where I could probably procure a fresh horse. It was the nearer town, nestled on the Jersey bank, that I studied with the greatest care, so far as I could see, the single street was deserted. To the south, certainly two miles away, a squadron of horse were riding slowly, surrounded by a cloud of dust. Without doubt this was the British patrol that had left the village at daybreak.

It was a hot, close morning, and the padded Ranger's coat heavy and tight-fitting. I took it off, flinging it across the saddle pommel. As I did so a folded paper came into view, and I drew it forth, curiously. My eye caught the signature at the bottom of a brief note, and I stared at it in surprise. Fagin! How come Fagin to be writing to Captain Grant? He pretended to be a Tory to be sure, yet both armes knew him as a murderer outlaw, plundering loyalists and patriots alike. There came to me a memory of Fagin's chance remark that Grant had some connection with this fellow's maneuvering. I had not seriously considered it then, but now—why, possibly it was true. I read the lines almost at a glance, scarcely comprehending at first, and then suddenly realized the base villainy revealed:

"Have the money and papers, but the girl got away. Will wait for you at Lone Tree tonight. Don't fail, for the whole country will be after me as soon as the news gets out about Fagin."

So that was the reason for this raid—Grant's personal affair. He had returned to Elmhurst, leaving his men to trudge on into Philadelphia under their Hessian officers so that he might communicate with Fagin. What a pity it was I had failed to kill the fellow, instead of leaving him unconscious.

The papers! Perhaps they were in the coat also. Surely Grant had no time to change it, to destroy them, as he must have in his急急 to Elmhurst, I searched the pocket of the garment hastily, finding a note or two, his orders to escort Delavan, and a small packet tied securely by a cord. I felt no hesitancy in opening this, and ascertaining its contents. The lines I read hastily seemed to blur before my eyes; I could barely comprehend their purport. Little by little I grasped the meaning of it all, and then my mind leaped to recognition of Grant's purpose.

"FAGIN is good for the man behind the counter, as well as the man in the field," says J. L. Storck, a Virginian black clerk.

"If I could get as good interest on every dollar as I get from the Farm Journal, I would soon be a millionaire," says A. W. Weitzel, Penna.

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In May, 1910, Robert bought 2300 day-old chicks. He spent just one week studying the methods now given in this book, his only preparation for the business. Result—this "greenhorn" raised 95 per cent. of all his chicks, and 1350 of them were pullets. ("Poultry Secrets" tells you this secret.) In less than seven months he was getting 425 eggs daily, and selling them at 58 cents a dozen. His feed cost averaged \$4.00 a day, leaving him OVER \$17.00 A DAY PROFIT, and this before all his pullets had begun laying.

Isn't "Money-making Secrets" a good name for such booklets?

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"I am much pleased with the Butter Book," writes F. J. Dickson, Illinois, "and would like to know how I could get the booklets on creamery."

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